

C.O.D.

PeeWee Longway

Ain't got shit for free, yeah
Ain't got shit for free, I need C.O.D
Ain't got none for free
Ain't got none for free
Ain't got none for free, I need C.O.D
Ain't got none for free, I need C.O.D
It gon' be RIP when you fuck with me
It gon' be
(That boy Cassius)
(Swagdot)

I ain't got shit for free, I need a C.O.D. (I need Cash)
My pistol stay on me, it's gon' be R.I.P (R.I.P.)
Yeah they do that, head chest and stomach where they shoot at (Bop, bop, shot at)
Jumpin' out them Jeeps we rockin' Bayou like a New Jack (Like I'm by-by)
Fo'-fo' at your crewneck, yeah they do that (Pop)
Runnin' through bands, and bought a new Benz, I'm thinkin' 'bout matte black
(Matte matte)
Ridin' in a Lyft with a thousand eight grams, they callin' it cash stacks (Cash stacks)
.448s in the backpack (Woah)
I had to hit 'em with the lack-lack (Hit it)

Jump in the Bentley relax
Young nigga choppin' the stick like a axe (Bop)
The pack come quickly, like we faxed it (Gone)
Yeah, we back to whackin, back to droppin' caskets
Tell 'em R.I.P., 'cause we heard a nigga askin
Flavor just like Baskin, when I pull up in the Aston (Skrrrt skrrrt)
I just got the drop on where you at, I heard you lackin'
I just popped up over you, I feel like I'm Aladdin (Pop)
I heard that it's up and then it's stuck then I'm on addy's (Stuck there)
Wake up watch the mailman back that truck up with my packages
Vacuum seal it, beat it out the backdoor with my savages
Bitch can't suck my dick, 'cause she got way too many cavities
Twenty-fours on my Bentley watch the Forgi's change the gravity
I been catchin' bodies since a youngin like I'm Cassidy
I just keep it gangster with the gangsters, that's my strategy (What's up gangsters?)
I got Bourne Identity, they call me Longway Jagger
Homie just put fifty in the wankster, he tryna whack 'em

I ain't got shit for free, I need a C.O.D. (I need Cash)
My pistol stay on me, it's gon' be R.I.P (R.I.P.)
Yeah they do that, head chest and stomach where they shoot at (Bop, bop, shot at)
Jumpin' out them Jeeps we rockin' Bayou like a New Jack (Like I'm by-by)
Fo'-fo' at your crewneck, yeah they do that (Pop)
Runnin' through bands, and bought a new Benz, I'm thinkin' 'bout matte black
(Matte matte)
Ridin' in a Lyft with a thousand eight grams, they callin' it cash stacks (Cash stacks)
.448s in the backpack (Woah)
I had to hit 'em with the lack-lack (Hit it)

Ridin' in the Aston (Uh)

Kill a nigga in fashion (Skrرت)
My phone at home, but my chopper on assassin (Bow bow)
Time to bust a move, boy I move like I'm assassin
Fake gangster actin'
This is not a movie, when you die it's nothing after (Nothing after)
You can watch the fire jump out the Draco like a Dragon (Bow bow, dragon)
Lacking with your dick out, and your ho send me your addy
I can spend a fifty with the savages for a tragedy
The first nigga get hit, my young nigga gon' start braggin' (Blaow, blaow)
Keep the cameras at the house, bring the lights, camera, action
Tryna to hit the first target, but we do the shit with passion
Better not disagree (Damn)
Better not mention me (What)
You better not mention we (You better)
I put you on TV, damn
Just for actin' like you bad, damn
Man down, nigga, too bad
My lawyer beat the case and disappear just like Shazam
Like what you gon' do in a jam?
You gon' pay me for all of my grams, nigga

I ain't got shit for free, I need a C.O.D. (I need Cash)
My pistol stay on me, it's gon' be R.I.P (R.I.P.)
Yeah they do that, head chest and stomach where they shoot at (Bop, bop, shot at)
Jumpin' out them Jeeps we rockin' Bayou like a New Jack (Like I'm by-by)
Fo'-fo' at your crewneck, yeah they do that (Pop)
Runnin' through bands, and bought a new Benz, I'm thinkin' 'bout matte black
(Matte matte)
Ridin' in a Lyft with a thousand eight grams, they callin' it cash stacks (Cash stacks)
.448s in the backpack (Woah)
I had to hit 'em with the lack-lack (Hit it)